

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
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AUGUST 15 1928
FIVE CENTSTHE
CARMELITE

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SHALL THE GOLDEN
BOUGH CLOSE?

The Theatre Guild of the Golden Bough met last Tuesday evening at Mrs. Helen Deusner's to discuss with Mr. Edward Kuster, owner of the building, ways by which it might continue open.

Mr. Kuster will be in Europe for the next two years, making a study of modern dramatic production. He is willing generously, as before, to continue to subsidize the Golden Bough, deriving no interest on his heavy investment, IF the community will provide and guarantee the relatively small sum which will pay taxes, insurance, and overhead expense of maintenance and operation. This would be covered by an advance sale of theatre season subscriptions amounting to three thousand dollars,—five hundred at six dollars each.

It was the sense of the meeting that to close the Theatre of the Golden Bough for a period of years would be most unfortunate. The Golden Bough will remain open only if these subscriptions are completed, however; and unless they are in by September first, when the lease of Miss Denny and Miss Watrous expires, it will close on that date.

Mr. Kuster said that on his departure he would arrange for a house-manager to take charge of the Theatre as soon as the subscription limit is reached. Both he and the Guild members expressed the hope that Miss Denny and Miss Watrous might remain in the capacity of impressarios to the theatre, Mr. Kuster stating that he would be glad to arrange their use of the theatre of the lowest possible cost.

The Guild unanimously pledged to give their fullest cooperation to the promotion of the subscription sales, and to help develop a realization on the part of Carmel and the surrounding communities of the significance of the closing, or the remaining open, of this little playhouse, which is known all over the world.

Courtesy of Matthew M. Murphy

HOPI WOMEN IN THE SNAKE DANCE

SIRIUS

Out of vain dreaming in the dead of night
I wake, and see your beauty in the sky—
Challenging me, calling a name of light
Forgotten... But the masked years go by;
There are so many lovely rooms and fires,
So many shadows; siren-beautiful
Are words, leading from silence; and desires
Are beautiful to death. And so your cool
Far-lit beloved hush of radiance
Grows dim to me; I have forgotten you,
Sirius; where the lesser planets dance
I dance with them in darkness... who am true
Only in those rare moments when I wake
And half-remember light, for a star's sake.

—Ellen Janson Browne

ORAGE

The presence in Carmel of Mr. A. E. Orage is the major current event. Orage was formerly editor of "The New Age," a liberal English weekly. He has more recently been a lecturer and teacher. He is primarily a thinker. Orage is lecturing on the general subject "Beyond Behaviorism,"—although this title gives little clue to the real directing of his thinking,—tonight, Wednesday, at the Hartley's on The Point, on Friday at the C. S. Greene's; next Monday at the Jesse Lynch Williams'; the following Wednesday at the Lincoln Steffens'.

Orage begins his interpretation of life upon a severely behavioristic basis. He defines man as an organic mechanism. To transcend this mechanism is the problem of man. Orage believes that there is a method by which this can be achieved, and by which he can enter into further states of awareness. The two lectures already given have begun the discussion of this method.

The City . . .

• PAVING PROBLEMS AGAIN LOOM HIGH

The City Council, meeting last Monday night, considered several matters of importance. The City Planning Commission's request for an allowance, of \$1500 for next year's expenditures was met by a request that more information as to the use of this sum be provided.

The Public Library is also in need of increased funds, \$1000 of which will be provided at once from the general city funds to pay insurance; the expenditure of the remainder to be discussed with a representative from the Library Board at the next Council Meeting.

The piece de resistance of the evening was the paving plan presented by Engineer Severance, for reconditioning and widening San Carlos Street. Interpretation of the words "scarrify" and "recondition" became the center of much heated discussion, the ultimate difference being whether the present road is to be merely widened five feet, or the whole present surface is to be torn up, and completely repaved to a full twenty feet in width. That is, a difference to the taxpayers between paying for FIVE feet of new pavement, or TWENTY. Decision on this point was postponed till the meeting to be held next Monday evening.

THE SERRA PAGEANT ON THE WAY

The flat black hat and the side-burns of the Spanish dons can be seen these days on the streets of Monterey, in anticipation of the Serra pageant, commemorating of the life of Father Junipero Serra, founder of the early California culture. The historic and the picturesque elements of the early life on the peninsula will be portrayed as authentically as possible, with the help of many civic as well as commercial institutions on the peninsula. There will be a bull fight (if the bulls can be persuaded to fight); a pageant; street dancing with the color and costume of old Spain. Small boys, pretty girls, flashing dons. Carmel is cordially invited to participate actively and picturesquely.

VOTERS' DILEMMA

Mrs. Celia Casserly, candidate for Congress on the Democratic ticket, last Saturday addressed a group of Carmel at luncheon at the Blue Bird Tea Room. Mrs. Casserly is a woman of the type described in colleges as "the ideal all-round sort,"—a person of culture, of wholesome charm, and the social attitude of the doer whose interest is in making the world a more livable place in general. Instead of formulating a set of policies which are good advertising copy but meaningless in

reality, Mrs. Casserly has actual convictions. These include, alas, a belief in the development "for efficiency" of the Army and the Navy, side by side with an advocacy of excellent social legislation for women and children in industry.

PITY THE POOR PEDESTRIAN

There is one feature of the old Carmel that seems irretrievably lost though it is seldom lamented. Whether old Carmelites have grown too decrepit to walk, and new Carmelites are otherwise incapacitated for it, I do not know, but there are now very few who enjoy this pastime which used to be Carmel's greatest attraction.

The day's hike to Point Lobos or down the Coast, or the brisk tramp after a day's work to enjoy the "flags of sunset and drums of sea" have become as rare in the life of Carmel as a bridge party used to be. They have gone with the trails, the cross-cuts and woodsy paths which made them possible. The cuts have been fenced in, the paths planted to garden, and the pine needle carpets along the roadside have been gashed and cut by the road scraper. Carmel, which used to be the Pedestrian's Paradise has become his Purgatory.

We must accept the loss of our trails and forest paths as the accomplishment of the Great God Progress, but there seems little excuse for permitting those spaces designed on the map of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea as sidewalk space to remain a No Man's Land of bunkers, ash piles, hurdles and barbed wire entanglements.

Much of the ruinous condition of our "sidewalks" is due to the automobilist and our own home making and our contractors and builders. In the early garageless days of Carmel the automobilist parked his car on what he may have believed was the side of the road but which was in most cases the edge of his lot and very often his absent neighbor's lot. Wood is still delivered in these uncertain areas and the habit of using them for the overflow has become so prevalent with Carmelites that many of us literally live in the street. In my own neighborhood I have seen the chapparal growth and wild flowers of absent owner's property utterly destroyed by being used as a passage-way for the building material and a parking space for workmen's cars.

A further usurpation of the pedestrian's rights are the dusty roadside growth, and that trap for the walker which masquerades as a sidewalk and which hits you on the shins with a loose board at every step. Some of our "sidewalks" are worth a walk to view. In certain sections of Monte Verde Street there are some interesting ruins. They were erected by the Powers in the early Devonian period and should by all means be preserved.

THE CARMELITE CALENDAR

AUGUST

- 14-18 Carmel Playhouse—at 8:30 "Is Zat So?"
Hilarious comedy.
- 19 Divine Service—All Saints Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.
- 20 City Hall—at 7:30. Council Meeting.
- LECTURES BY A. E. ORAGE:
- 15 Wednesday at the J. F. Hartley's, The Point.
- 17 Friday at the C. S. Greenes', Lincoln and 13th.
- 20 Monday at the Jesse Lynch Williams'
- 22 Wednesday at the Lincoln Steffens'
- 23-24 Theatre of the Golden Bough—Premiere, "Dark Haven," a drama, Prize-Winning Play in the Theatre Guild Competition.

I hope the City Planning Commission has designated them as Monuments on their map of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, and will soon erect a little chalk stone wall around them. It would be a delicate gesture of fore-thoughtedness on their part for the beloved citizen who meets his death thereabouts some night when the fog has put out the moon.

I have walked in Carmel for twenty years and I hope to walk for twenty more; but as I am unprotected by laws of State, County, or City when walking in the middle of the street, and as there are no other passable straightaways I shall probably have to walk on air. Of course, we do that a good deal in Carmel but it is fast becoming hot air.

No, we do not want sidewalks, City Planners; no pavement, no cemented standard lengths or standard markers, but we do want to "get by." The editor of the Pine Cone has wisely suggested an uptown office for the City Planning Commission where ideas for the organization and beautifying of our village may be received and considered; and he asks for suggestions, not complaints.

This is a complaint may it be followed up by suggestions. Let each reader of this column step out his door and view that space before his house where, in Salinas, or in Monterey a cement walk would lie, and then ask himself these questions "What is there now? What would I like to see there? Can I make that space a little tidier, a little less ugly and a little easier for my neighbor to get by?"

—E. G.

An article by Albert Rhys Williams appears in "Izvestia," the official organ of the Russian Communist party, in July. The paper has a circulation of 800,000.

In France they limit the journalist and allow the artist almost perfect freedom. In England we allow absolute freedom to the journalist, and entirely limit the artist. —"The Soul of Man under Socialism."

Carmel News

CHESS CHAMPION SUGGESTS STRATEGIC ACTION FOR CARMEL

Mr. E. J. Gibling, Chicago business man, visiting Carmel last week during days of fog, discussed with the Carmelite staff the possibility of applying good sound American business principles to the local weather. He pointed out the advantages of having the summer weather on a more satisfactory basis, remarking that to have the sun shine in Carmel on Sundays only was hardly fair to the weekdays. He then outlined a plan for having the sun shine on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, as well, gradually extending this to include all the days of the week.

Mr. Gibling offered to undertake the management of this undertaking for a good substantial fee, payable in advance. When asked whether the arrangement if undertaken would include a written guarantee as to the satisfactoriness of the weather under his administration, he answered that while there would be no guarantee, the money paid him would, if weather remained unsatisfactory, be returnable to us if we could get it.

Mr. Gibling has for a number of years been a member of the Chicago City Club and takes a pocket set of chess with him whenever he goes traveling.

No contract having been signed, and the matter remaining indefinitely open, he left for the southern part of the state, last Saturday.

CONCERNING KEYSERLING

There arrived this week in Carmel a letter from Carrol Chilton, who is in Germany at the School of Wisdom in Darmstadt, the school of the great Keyserling.

"Imagine a great philosopher," writes Mr. Chilton, "perhaps the world's greatest thinker, who is as full of laughter and joy as a twelve-year-old schoolboy, and as witty as Shaw, and far more profound."

"Just now Keyserling is passionately interested in America, and is writing a book about us. Like everything that comes from this extraordinary man, this book will be full of surprises. His books are all the result of an extraordinary faculty he has for knowing and understanding things intuitively. He does not in the least depend upon facts or even observations of the usual kind. He told me that as soon as he had set foot in India he already knew everything he subsequently wrote in the Travel Diary. He is afraid he was in America TOO LONG to understand it! And yet he went out of his way to avoid facts and impressions and contacts of every kind.

"He is a fine sculptor and musician, and he never meditates. He SEES and writes. Jung the psycho-analyst says, 'Keyserling is not a man. He is a phenomenon.'"

People . . .

POET, WRITER, PLAY-DIRECTOR

We met Irene Alexander on the corner of the street with a sheaf of music under her arm. Looking at it idly we suddenly straightened. For there under the title "I Kissed You Yesterday" we read "Words by Irene Alexander."

"Do you mean to say you do that too?"

"Why, yes" answered Miss Alexander, "I write poetry quite a lot. And some of it has been set to music. Lucien Denni, the composer-director of the Erlanger-Ziegfeld company, is setting an operetta of mine to music now."

"Really!" (We had shrewdly suspected that that girl did a lot of other things, otherwise she wouldn't have managed those Inchling children with such art. But with our native English reserve we hadn't liked to ask). Now we were only a hard reporter.

"Your first operetta?"

"Oh no,—my third. The first was written with George Matthews and was called 'The Purple Pigeon.' The second isn't named yet."

"And this one?"

"The one the Ziegfeld people have is called 'The Prince of Aragon.' It's a story of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain."

"How did it all happen?" we asked, like the child in the story.

"It was good luck to begin with. A song of mine was broadcasted from the Hotel Biltmore at Los Angeles last year and someone who heard it told the New York company about it and they said they would like to see work of mine. Then they commissioned me to do an operetta."

We asked so much more that we'll leave out our questions and put in just Miss Alexander's story. She had other songs performed on the radio. Ralph Grosvenor broadcasted over WEA from New York—he's with Walter Damrosch—one of Miss Alexander's songs, and Romano Romain has set three others, and Rhea Silberta has put one to music, which Schirmer published. This is called "Incense" and was sung in concert in the Aeolian Hall in New York. Tom Cator of Carmel has taken a Cantata Miss Alexander wrote in the Alhambra in Spain, called "Moorish Legend," and he is composing the music for that.

But Miss Alexander is not only a poet. This fall the "World Traveller" will publish some of her travel articles, on Spain and Nuremberg and other places, the fruits of a year's sojourn in Europe.

"And do you write your poems as songs?" we asked.

"Oh, no, I write them just as poetry and let what will happen to them. The poem 'Incense' for instance is going into a

book on Persia which the explorer Herman Norden is writing: it is going in the chapter on 'Persia in Modern Verse.'"

"And are you staying in Carmel?" asked one, hungry for another Inchling.

"Oh no, I am leaving on the twenty-fifth for New York to work with Lucien Denni. They like to have you around when they are putting your librettos into their language."

So after all we are to lose this picturesque producer. (It is strange, but the poignant beauty and charm we felt in that children's play somehow sticks to Miss Alexander and when the small ant or worm or mosquito runs into her arms in the street we somehow wish we were small too.) But she is leaving Carmel, going out into the world, where the best wishes of us mere grownups as well as the love and respect of all the bugs and insects and fireflies of Carmel will follow her. P'raps Gyem will watch over her, too.

Personal Bits . .

Dr. D. T. MacDougal has been away for a few days on a hunting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. L. James have returned from Santa Barbara where they attended the Spanish Fiesta Days. Mr. and Mrs. S. F. B. Morse witnessed the Fiesta also, Mr. Morse going down in his yacht, the "Waterwagon."

John Gunther, nephew of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, is the Special Correspondent of the Chicago Daily News Foreign Correspondence. He has just returned from Moscow, and is to stay in England for a while. Extracts from one of his articles appear on another page.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Greene gave a studio party on Sunday afternoon, to the following guests:

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Watts, Rear-admiral and Mrs. J. S. McKean, Mr. Lincoln Steffens, Mrs. J. G. Hooper, Mrs. I. N. Ford and her daughter Agnes Ford, Miss Celia Seymour, Marcella Burke, and Miss Margaret Lithgow.

Lexie Grant, who graduated from High School this year is leaving shortly for University work in Mexico City. As this young lady came over from England originally, she should be well internationalized when her education is finished.

The Adobe Nursery School, Mrs. Julia Breinig Director, reopens for the winter term next Monday, August 20th. The school will be held at the old adobe house on Hartnell Street, Monterey. Through the gifts of some of the parents, new equipment has been bought, and the little pupils are looking forward to the beginning of their "studies."

The Theatre . . .

"IS ZAT SO?" TOTALLY HILARIOUS

Within five minutes after the rise of the curtain, at Monday's performance of "Is Zat So?" we were in a state of breathless hilarity.

Most critics are supposed to indulge in a certain amount of "panning," but for "Is Zat So" derogatory criticism is very difficult, yet not quite as difficult a task as that of handing out the laurels.

By Ford, as "Chick Cowan," the Brooklyn welterweight was a riot, while Jack Mulgardt as his wise-cracking manager kept the audience in an uproar with his rapid line of "English as she is spoke."

Ernest Schweninger, who entered into the lives of "Chick" and his manager in a very inebriated state, as C. Clinton Blackburn, enacted the drunk excellently. Not only that, but when C. Clinton reformed, Schweninger proved quite equal to acting the second role equally well.

Marion Ford as Susan Parker, the sister of "Clint" did well in a role that gave her little chance for acting.

Stanton Babcock's portrayal of the honorable Maurice Fitz-Stanley was very well carried out, especially his acquisition of the heavy American slang from "Hap," the manager, and "Chick."

Sally Maxwell, as Florence Hanley, the nurse of the house, as well as the subsequent sweetheart of "Chick" was buoyantly charming, and one can hardly blame poor "Chick" "fer takin' de count" over such an attractive "frail."

Charles Chadsey, the villainous Robert Parker enacted the sinister role quite deftly, and thoroughly Satanically, albeit the audience was not in sympathy with the part he played.

Mary Shallue, Parker's stenographer and "Hap's" reason for leaving the fold, was convincingly sincere and appealing. Her rather futile attempts to reform "Hap's" language added greatly to the laughter.

The youngest member of the cast, Seth Ulman Jr. should by no means be excluded, for he did his part as Master James Parker with all the finish of an older actor.

Louise Leibhardt, William Hudson, George Rose, Hally Pomeroy and Allen Habberly were all capably cast in minor roles, although the general uproariousness of the play served to relegate them to the background, rather than to allow them a chance to prove their ability.

Whether it is done or not, a second round of applause is due, both to Jack Mulgardt, and to By Ford. Their roles called for much real acting, both orally and pantomimically.

The play itself should come in for a word. The "lingo" was rich, fertile, fast and furious. To say that interest was sustained would be mild; one was not

given a breath between laughs.

In closing, more might be said, but there are no more adjectives left. Furthermore, should anyone think that too much praise is being given to "Is Zat So" and its cast, tell him (or her) to see the show, and then join in giving congratulations to all.
—Hartnell Lockridge.

THE PRIZE MANUSCRIPT PLAY

What is "Dark Haven" about? What is "Dark Haven"? The answer is not in a word. But it is a most interesting answer, given in the lives of a New England family of the days of 1884.

A Puritan household, bleak, hard-working, grim, with gods of Duty, Obedience, and Orthodoxy. There is old Truman, the grandfather, who, in contrast with David, is an atheist, but stern, hard as the granite cliffs and rocks on the New England coast, who counts out the weekly pay from the safe in the corner, and makes neat piles of coin on the sitting-room table; there is David, the husband of Rena, who is the orthodox church-goer of the period, who accepts man's superiority and control over woman without question; there is Aunt Lu, whose verse on a tombstone sets the keynote of the play.

There is Rena, lovely child of the French-Canadian mother about whom there is a mystery.

Finally, there is Neville, the light from the outside, the "stranger" who has come from afar, who has "a kind of a way of looking at life . . . of finding joy in it . . . and not taking that away from any one."

These few people—this hard section of life,—then three stark incidents; the picture of Neville in the newspapers, marking him a thief; Rena discovered at midnight unlocking the combination of the safe to get the keys and money to aid Neville's escape; the finding of Neville's body; and Rena's final revelation of her own freedom and emancipation from her mental "Dark Haven."

The play is Ibsen-like in its simplicity and sincerity. It marches inexorably toward its end. The characters struggle against the forces of their natures and traditional beliefs, Rena finally emerging into life like some slender sapling on the barren cliff-side that has escaped the common death brought by wind and merciless winters.

PERRY DILLY PROVIDES UNMITIGATED DELIGHT

Yes, they were altogether enchanting, those puppets. But then, how could they help it, with an audience of youngsters of all ages, so altogether cooperative about being enchanted? This was no mere passive entertainment. For the audience not only chuckled and chortled, bobbed up and down with excitement each time the dragon popped his head over the edge of his Barrel o' Trouble, but they had their opinions too. When

(Continued on page five)

THE CARMELITE, August 15, 1928

THEATRE OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH

PRIZE MANUSCRIPT PLAY "DARK HAVEN"

BY ANNE MURRAY

DIRECTED BY MORRIS ANKRUM

AUGUST 23, 24, 25

..FILM..

EMIL JANNINGS AUG. 16, 17
THURS. FRI.
"THE LAST COMMAND"

GOLDEN STATE

Telephone: MONTEREY 1500

Wednesday, August 15

FLORENCE VIDOR

in "THE MAGNIFICENT FLIRT"

Thurs., and Fri., Aug. 16-17

EMIL JANNINGS

in "THE STREET OF SIN"

Saturday, August 18

**EDMOND LOWE AND
MARY ASTOR** in

"DRESSED TO KILL"

Sunday, August 19

REGINALD DENNY

in "GOOD MORNING JUDGE"
ON THE STAGE:

**5 ACTS OF GOLDEN STATE
VAUDEVILLE**

Mon. and Tues., August 20-21

"WE AMERICANS"

SEE it exactly as shown at New
York's beautiful Colony
Theatre at \$2.00

E. C. HOPKINS AT THE ORGAN

NIGHTLY

Every night this week

"IS ZAT SO"

Prize Ring Comedy

REMARKABLE CAST

Carmel Playhouse

(Continued from page four)

Red Riding Hood and her Grandmother had been saved from the jaws of the wolf (and good snapping red jaws they were too) by the timely courage of the woodchopper, that hero inquired of his audience whether he should not take the prize home to make a warm rug of it.

"Yes!" shouted some.

"No!" protested others.

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

"The majority rules," ventured the woodchopper, lifting the burden to his shoulders. "Goodbye Grandmother. Goodbye Red Riding Hood. Goodbye, audience."

"Goodbye..." came chirruping from the youngsters, and the parting, if cheerful, was nevertheless heartfelt.

They're dear and clever, those two puppeteers behind there in their little peep-show-box. Dear, because they've thought so deliciously, so much in terms of the true child-heart, so much in terms of real laughter, of the acutely funny. And clever, because they do it so well, investing their ten-inch bits of dolls with personality and charm. The play of light upon the faces of the puppets gives an illusion of mobility. They appear to register joy and grief!

The puppet-show is an excellent medium for satire; and as ours is so distinctly a satirical age, we cheerfully anticipate for these a pronounced "vogue." For fundamental charm and humor the Perry Dilly Puppets rank with "Alice in Wonderland" and "When We Were Very Young." Heartily we wish them a long life and a merry one!

—pauline g. schindler

Mussolini is trying to make the state supreme; Russia is trying to make the workmen in industry supreme; Germany (Stinnes) tried to make capitalist industry supreme. All the rest are dual governments.

.....

Noone wants to do evil; people only want to do business.

.....

Liberals made the war. That's bad enough; but there's something worse coming liberals made the peace.

.....

A reformer is someone who sees that something is wrong; a reformer with a remedy is a radical.

.....

Every reform movement I watched was blocked by the good, the better and the best people.

—L. S.

.....

An educated person can't learn because every time he tries to put something new into his mind he finds the place it ought to take occupied already by an old idea. An illiterate person has nothing in his mind and so the new idea can go right in.

The Arts . . .

NAVAJO SAND PAINTINGS

In the office of the Carmelite this week is a wall hanging, a copy upon a textile of an Indian sand painting, which Mr. Matthew Murphy, who has written the article below, has from his friends the Indians, among whom he has lived for many years. Mr. Murphy is the author of a little book recently published, "The Snake Dance People," authentically describing the life and customs of the Hopis. It is from this interesting record of their life that the picture of the Hopi women in their snake dance ceremonies, is taken.

These paintings are a part of the offering made to the Spirit whose aid is asked in curing disease or in warding off other calamities.

The important ceremonies continue for nine days and eight nights. A different painting is prepared for each night's ceremony.

When a "sing," as the white people call these ceremonies, is announced, the priest who is to conduct it, goes into the painted desert and brings back various colored sand stones. This rock is ground to a fine powder in a stone mortar.

In the meantime, the laymen who are giving the ceremony, and their friends, construct a medicine lodge. On the first morning of the ceremony, clean, white sand is brought from a nearby wash, and is spread on the floor of the lodge in the form of a circle many feet in diameter.

The head priest marks out the design of the painting on the white sand and his disciples fill in these intricate figures with the proper color of sand. Each painting must be finished between sunrise and sunset.

The priest takes sand from the human figure in the painting and rubs it on the afflicted part of the patient's body.

The head priest prays and the choir of laymen chant an invocation, in which the sick person, if able, joins. They chant that the cure is already taking place, and the patient declares that the evil spirits, which have had control of him, and of the disease, are leaving.

The cure is largely a matter of faith, in which the patient tries to convince himself that his health is restored.

The priest does not rely on faith alone, but gives the patient medicine prepared from desert plants.

After the person, for whose benefit the ceremony is given, is treated, the other Indians who have ailments, crowd in and apply the sand to their bodies, so that the painting is soon destroyed.

In the paintings, the Spirits are usually represented by four figures, two male and two females. Male figures are usually supported by lightning and female figures by the rainbow. Every thing in nature is either male or female. The mild and

beautiful are female, while the strong or boisterous are male. The summer breeze is female, the winter storm male.

Here is a verse from a Navajo chant or prayer.

May the way before me be perfect;
May the way behind me be perfect;
May all that is above me be perfect;
May all that is below me be perfect;
May all that surrounds me be perfect;
May all that is in my heart be perfect;
May the words of my mouth be perfect.

Tradition says that Di-neh-e-di-gi-ni when he instituted these ceremonies warned his disciples that if the time ever came to the Navajos, when sand paintings were no longer used, the end of the tribe was near. This prediction is about to become true.

The boys are now in government schools, who otherwise would be acquiring the art and mysteries of these paintings; so, that the present generation of priests will have no successors.

Tuberculosis, contracted in the government schools and spread among the people by the children sent home to die; and boot-leg whiskey, peddled by returned students, seem likely to fulfill the words of the prophesy, in the not distant future.

—Matthew M. Murphy

A very interesting and vital educational experiment is under way by the Western Women's Club of San Francisco, sponsored by the East West Gallery of Fine Arts. Free classes for children in modeling, painting, wood carving, will be held Saturday mornings on the roof of the Club Building.

These classes are free to all interested, without creed or class. Just the desire on the part of the child. Registrations are open now.

The work is purely creative, each child using the play instinct, choosing the medium, and subject he wishes. There will be no coercion, but capable direction will be given. Many interesting results are to be expected.

—A. S.

A healthy work of art is one that has both perfection and personality.

—Oscar Wilde.

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling upon
her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation
choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
like stone.

—Emily Dickinson.

The public have an insatiable curiosity to know everything except what is worth knowing.

—Oscar Wilde.

THE CARMELITE

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CALIFORNIA

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Editorials . . .

PLAY BALL

Some of our readers have been puzzled by editorial and other articles in this paper; they say that they cannot always make out just what we mean. Let them be comforted. We don't always know just what we mean ourselves. And that is what is so nice about us, if anything. We are not trying to force you to conclusions. Our purpose, if we can be charged with anything so objective as an objective, is only gently to suggest the exercise of thought, reflection, reconsideration. Not to teach facts and knowledge. We lack knowledge, like all editors and writers. Our sole distinction is that we know this and rejoice in our conscious ignorance. And, by the same token, our one complaint about this distinguished community is that it is divided, as some wit said of the world, into people who think they are right.

Nobody knows what is right. Nobody knows anything really. Artists don't know what art is, scientists don't know what knowledge is, businessmen don't know what business is. We have heard businessmen say that business is business! We have heard parents say that they were bringing up their children. One might as well say that we are making a newspaper. And everybody has known men and women who know the truth and God! It is impious, all this presumption of knowledge. It is disagreeable to be opinionated, it is unneighborly, impolite. But, to mistake belief for knowledge and dogma for truth, is unscientific and most uninteresting. Theory, on the other hand is amusing; one has to allow that an hypothesis may turn out to be true and so it is fun to take one and turn it over and toss it from hand to hand like a ball. But

any child can tell you that to keep the ball or hide it or to refuse to play is not fair. And you can't play if you stop to think that the ball is only a toy and the game only playing. You can't think if you know.

Our pleasant theory is that all so-called knowledge is theory; that all theories are balls to be kept up in the air or kicked along the ground; that talking and writing and thinking are good sport for the spirit and good exercise for the brain that may breed a mind someday; all business, all the arts, all living is a game to be played in the intense spirit—once highly recommended—with the absorption of the little children. That is about all we ever mean, and no one need take even that very seriously, if they will but remember that we are aware—we alone, apparently—that we are probably all wrong—not we alone. Now, isn't that clear?

* * * *

Clearness is difficult, fortunately; it is settling to the mind, which needs stimulation, not repose.

* * * *

To get a conviction should be regarded in the upper as in the under world: as a misfortune, to be avoided at all costs.

* * * *

The question to ask after reading an idea is not what does the writer mean, but what do I mean.

* * * *

All this is all very well for a community like Carmel where most of the people are retired to live lives of leisure, reflection and repentance, but in Chicago, for example, or New York, or Russia where there is work to do and sins to commit the thing is to have convictions and act; not to think and converse and doubt, but to go to it and err, perhaps, but to achieve.

* * * *

Truth is relative. Time and place are dimensions in the editorial policy of a newspaper as well as in the philosophy of its readers.

* * * *

In brief, the Carmelite always means just what it says or the opposite.

How can there ever be any misunderstanding, then, between us, our readers and our writers? But, if there is, let our readers remember that our rule is the rule posted in the hotels; the public is always right. Our reason is not the same as the hotels, but never mind. We are wrong and we know it, and we wish you to know it. See? No? Well, neither do we. As the children say when they have been up to some mischief "We're only playing."

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GERMANY

(This article comes from a young American who went through Yale, then worked his way around the world, then did post-graduate work at Stanford and is now

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a research student in a German University. Having visited almost every country in the world he is in a good position to make comparisons. His home is a California ranch.)

Clean. Everything is immaculate from the fields to the fourth class carriages on the train. A room in the hotel regardless of the price will always be neat and tidy. The streets are watched and swept by a corps of men wearing jaunty Ausy hats and proud of their uniform and work. For after all they are the ones that save the houses from being filled with dirt.

Happy, well dressed people on the streets, severe contrast to the same class in England. Even the children are fresh-looking and show no signs of being underfed. No crying babies by dark and dusty doorways. More evidences of the good effect of beer than the bad. A large percentage of the men wear Kaiser mustaches and follow front porches. When they play how they do enjoy themselves,—and they play a great deal. Every Beer Garden will testify to that, yet drunkenness is limited to the young student. And he seldom reaches that stage, as his older Fraternity brothers compel him to go too far until he has learned his capacity.

They like the Americans and believe them all to be millionaires; the English and French are not so popular, as much for their attitude as for their commercial potentialities. The American can more easily consider by-gones as by-gones. One and all object to the Versailles Treaty for the loss of their colonies, and separation of Germany from East Prussia by the doorway for Poland. Those from the Saar bitterly hate the French for what the League of Nations has done. An ideal spot to strike the first spark for another explosion.

Wages are low but so are the necessities of life; so there is not much evidence of poverty or hardship. The thrifty Hausfrau has seen to the saving of every Pfennig. No luxuries but plenty of good times,—movies full, restaurants and gardens serving large orders to large people. None of the clothes are at all "fancy," all simple and serviceable, and made well enough to last years.

A few Packards, more Buicks, quite a few German cars and thousands of bicycles. Every man, woman and child from the age of four to fifty not only has, but seems to be always riding, a bicycle, so many in fact that one must be quick to cross a street without upsetting a couple. Every means of transportation except wagons have bells or horns which are in continual use and the wagoners are cracking their whips like pistol shots regardless of whether or not the road is clear.

Beautiful forests with paths winding everywhere and not a piece of paper or an ad in sight. What a relief after billboard-ridden America! The fields look like quilts on the sleeping hills with no barbed wire fences to keep out picnics. They know better, as almost

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everyone has a farm, or at least respects the farmer's rights and property.

What impresses one most is the kindness, the politeness of the people one meets in the course of a day's business, and the family affection and interest in the children. They never seem too hurried to be nice to a kid whether it be their own or some one else's. And as a result they are always going off together on long walks or playing with each other, old or young.

Germany will prosper with her thrifty, happy, hard-working people, regardless of what the rest of the world does to her.

—An American Student.

WHAT WE DO TO A REFORMER

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, after a few months in California, is back in Denver facing a critical situation which means to him another long and bitter fight. Both political parties are against him. The Klan influences are powerful in the Republican organization and the Corporation forces which he has fought all his life are in power in both parties. Many of the Democratic party organization are Roman Catholics who oppose him on account of his views on Birth Control. Thus his fighting of the Klan, which might ordinarily have won him friends, has done him in this case no good.

The women of Denver, who used to support him because of his Juvenile Court work, and some of whose children he has saved from physical disease and moral ruin now believe that his "Companionate Marriage" scheme stands for free love and trial marriage (which it does not), and some of them "want to run him out of town." And this kind of misrepresentation is too valuable a sensational feature for the newspapers to wish to correct it.

Judge Lindsey recently did some arbitration work in the Stokes litigation case which helped save the children some \$3,000,000 when the mother wanted to settle for \$200,000. In gratitude they made him a sort of endowment that would bring him some \$200 a month. That action was heartily approved by the Probate Court in Denver, before which the case was pending, and the Judge of that Court took occasion to say that it was proper in every way, only if anything not generous enough.

But Judge Lindsey's enemies, as ever on the look-out to hit below the belt, filed disbarment charges against him in the Supreme Court on a flimsy technical ground (that having been the Judge of another Court he should not have accepted the gift without being open to the charge of practicing law). In filing the charge, they made it seem as if there were something crooked or corrupt in the acceptance of the gift.

Now the Supreme Court of Colorado is of course made up of people who dislike

Judge Lindsey. In "The Beast," his early book exposing the methods of corruption in a modern American state, Lindsey showed that these men as well as many lawyers, politicians, legislators, were but the tools of big business and put on the Bench originally by Corporation influence; (that does not mean the men are "bad men": in our system there is no other method of making an honest living). But Lindsey was attacked so savagely, both in public and in private, so many nets were set to catch him in public or private dealings, that his statements about the weavers of the nets were perhaps more bitter than a political philosopher's sitting snugly in his study might be. And so his enemies hate him for what they take as personal attacks, as well as for his general attacks on the system as he has seen it at work for twenty-seven years.

Now the situation today is this: according to some prophets, if Lindsey should run again and be elected, he would be disbarred on this technical case. If he should be defeated, they might still disbar him in order to prevent his lecturing over the country on the reform-of-the-Courts procedure which he is advocating, and which, if adopted, would cut out half the legal business of the Courts. To run as an Independent is always—in our democracy—all but hopeless.

The lecture bureaus are timid about attempting to get lectures for Lindsey because of their anticipation of his disbarment and the use of it by his enemies. Also some enlightened women's clubs feel his is a subject they should not allow themselves to have information on.

It is interesting to see what a city will do to a man that tries to help it. England and other countries are busy reading and learning from Judge Lindsey, adopting his Juvenile Court procedure—and many people forget that he was the first man in this or any country to introduce the Juvenile Court;—finding his analysis of the behavior of youth so just that they are writing articles about it in their most dignified papers. Lindsey, the reformer who has never sold out, the teacher who has never given up, the man who has more knowledge of certain phases of social life in our times than almost any other man; who has brought help to thousands and taught them how to make their lives happy: this man may be rendered helpless. His own City is trying to crucify him, to make it impossible for him to work, to function—even to make a living.

Can one help a comparison with that other Teacher and Reformer whom the people he tried to help spat upon and turned out? And is the poet not right when he says: whenever Christ comes upon earth ye will crucify him?

There is a conflict of cultures today. The old culture gives reasons for acts, the new seeks for their causes. —Lincoln Steffens.

Science . . .

PLANT CELLS EMIT ULTRA VIOLET RAYS

The latest sensation in German scientific circles is the discovery that the apex of certain rapidly growing vegetable and animal tissues emit some sort of invisible radiation which has the power to stimulate the growth of living matter with which it is not in contact. When this was first announced in 1924 by Prof. Alexander Gurwitsch of Moscow it was received with considerable skepticism, but now it has been confirmed by German investigators who are eagerly prospecting the new field of research in various directions.

Prof. Gurwitsch found that if the tip of one of the rootlets of an onion or turnip was fixed so as to point at right angles to the side of another root, though as much as a quarter of an inch away, the cells in the side nearest the tip would multiply more rapidly than elsewhere, and so bend the root away. That this influence was not due to the emission of some gaseous emanation from the root tip was proved by the interposition of a thin sheet between the two roots. Glass and gelatin sheets stopped the transmission of the growth stimulation power, but quartz did not. This is characteristic of ultra-violet rays and Gurwitsch concludes that the radiation from the root tips has a wavelength of 180-200 millimicrons, which would place it among the ultra-violet rays of high frequency.

The German botanist, N. Wagner, has repeated these experiments with bean and onion roots and measured the effect by counting under a microscope the number of new cells produced in the roots acted upon. The increase is as high as 70 per cent. in some cases. Old cells that have ceased growing show the greatest relative increase.

The German bacteriologist, M. A. Baron, has found that the radiation from onion roots will likewise accelerate the growth of anthrax bacillus and other bacteria. The growing tip of toadstools gives off these same growth-generating (mitogenic) rays.

Doctors working in these laboratories report that certain growing animal tissue, such as cancer, emit such rays.

These results, if confirmed, will radically revolutionize present theories of life and growth. It has hitherto been assumed that the impulse to cell subdivision was somehow due to the direct contact of certain chemical substances transmitted through the tissues, but it now seems that an energy agency is active in vital processes, an immaterial radiation of the nature of light but of too high a frequency to be detected by our eyes.

—Science News-Letter.

Peter's Paragraphs

A man unjustly convicted of murder has been released from a British prison after eighteen years' detention. The English "Nation" writes "this case has shaken confidence in the criminal courts to a far greater degree than anything that came out in our London police controversies." That sentence explains why it is much harder to get an innocent man out of prison than a guilty one. There is little doubt in anyone's mind that Tom Mooney is innocent of the crime for which he was convicted and imprisoned eleven years ago. Most of the jury, the judge and the police involved have stated their belief in his mistrial and his innocence, and the perjury of much of the evidence has been proved. But to pardon Mooney, to let him out of San Quentin, would mean that many individuals, and 'the Law' would have to acknowledge itself wrong; and that 'the Law' is too dignified to do. Better to prolong injustice than harm "the majesty of the Law."

The English Miners' Federation is splitting. After a number of disastrous strikes, which used up their funds and brought them no advantages, the men are turning to a radical leader, A. V. Cook as their last hope. "The rebel is popular with workers, themselves sore and rebellious, who are realizing that they are abandoned," writes a dignified English liberal journal. That paper, and other papers, write much of the behavior of the miners and their representatives. They hardly touch on the causes for this behavior, and the reasons for the men's "realization that they are abandoned."

"It would be hard for them to believe it, but let the Bolsheviks own something and their view of capitalist government would change. Sad, but that is how men are made," writes Arthur Brisbane.

Our old friend "Human-nature-cannot-change." Yet there is not an anti-Bolshevik who would not agree with Brisbane: "let them become capitalists and see them change!"

John J. Raskob, who recently resigned as official of General Motors Corporation in order to become Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, says that since prohibition "our citizens seem to be developing a thorough lack of respect for our laws and institutions." Perhaps in the years to come that will be regarded as the greatest service prohibition rendered.

A painter in Carmel was asked the other day how he liked another painter's work. "It isn't fair to ask me," he said. "My stuff is so different. Impressionism is like a dried orange to me. I've just grown beyond it. But for anyone who hasn't, I can see that it might appeal very much."

Most artists do not take the trouble to explain even this much of the reasons for their likes or dislikes. They just condemn. Hence the popular observation that painters knock one another, making the timorous buyer of paintings less and less sure of himself, and less bold to buy.

Painters resent what they call the literary attitude on the part of an audience. But they perpetuate and encourage the literary attitude by their titles to their pictures. Why not call them Opus 1, Opus 2, as a musician does?

Someone was telling a story the other day of negro race riots in the Middle West, instigated by the Ku Klux Klan.

"And of course we couldn't get any convictions" said the narrator, "because the Klan was in power everywhere—the judges, the police, the jury, legislators, all were Klansmen."

Just then the news of Judge Lindsey's struggle in Denver came in. And there looked to be a perfect parallel—which stretches far beyond Lindsey's activities. Only read instead of the Klan, privilege or big business Corporations.

Lack of knowledge in the art of love-making was deplored by Prof. A. E. Heath at the social hygiene summer school, Cambridge, England, the professor taking the view that such knowledge was important.

"We should not dare to play the violin at a concert without knowing anything about it, and yet we don't seem to think it necessary to learn this important art of lovemaking," said the professor.

This was said to Englishmen: it could not be said to Frenchmen; but it should be said to American men. The judge of a Western divorce court declared recently that more than ninety per cent of the cases that came before him were caused by lack of knowledge of sex technique. One difficulty lay in the vanity of men, who all think that they know all about it. "The truth is," said this judge, "that no man or woman knows all about it; but instead of setting out to learn, they think they have married the wrong person, and go out and find another."

The Youngest Set

Two of the Youngest Set, busy at "pretending"—

M— "What's your father's business?"

D— "Well, my father was in the P'lice and he got so used to that kind of business that he thought he'd be a judge. Wha' does your father do?"

M— "Oh, he's in the kind of business where you get a lot of money and don't have to work; I forget what you call it."

Dick, who has lately learned about

water-power,—during a heavy rain: "Mother, maybe the stars are using this water power to make the electricity to light them up."

Tony Van Riper, aged very nearly two, has retired to his father's ranch in the Corral di Tierra, where he is enjoying the sunshine unimpeded by clothes. He lives all day in a snake proof corral and buries in the sand the railway coaches his father carefully sets up for him.

The little boy was waiting for his father. A lady called and asked if the doctor was in. The boy replied:

"If it's about an operation he can't do it, 'cos he's going out with me."

Pete was learning how to catch a ball. He missed it and: "Butterfingers!" jeered his father. A minute later the ball rolled out of his hand and over his arm. "I got a butter arm!" stated Pete proudly, "cos the ball rolled over it."

Joe Schoeninger is on the way to becoming a captain of industry. Last year he had a root-beer stand outside Dora Hagemeyer's Library, buying beer for 4 cents a bottle in Monterey and selling it for ten cents here. He made enough to buy himself a camera.

With the money he made at various other odd jobs he bought himself a xylophone. The other day he failed to deliver one of the Peninsula Heralds he takes round in the evenings. The circulation manager rang him up and remonstrated. "I know I'll be fined fifty cents, of course, but that isn't what I mind," said Joe, "I don't want you to think I'm not reliable." His manager said it was the customers he was thinking of.

"Yes," answered Joe, "we must be of service to them."

His father was listening in. When Joe came away,

"Where do you get this being-of-service stuff?" he asked.

"Oh," said Joe "You know we have to kid them along."

Carey Ximena de Angulo (10) has come from England via the Northern Pacific, and joined her mother, Mrs. H. G. Baynes, in Carmel.

Leon Wilson has stopped making puppets for the time being and is taking masks from living faces.

The garbage man, an Italian, was calling. Say "Bon giorno!" said mother to small son (3½)

"Bon Giorno!" called Buddy.

"Bon giorno!" answered the garbage man. "Come sta?" prompted Mother.

"Come sta" repeated Buddy obediently. "Va bene" came the pleased, hearty, Italian reply.

Buddy stood up indignantly.

"I'm not a baby!" he cried.

World News . . .

Turkey is bracing herself against a second great wave of westernizing reform. Mustapha Kemal's abolition of the fez has not yet been digested by a bewildered population, while one of the more reformers even went so far as to suggest broadcasting the five daily calls to prayer. Fortunately, the suggestion was voted down, so the faithful muezzins were temporarily saved.

* * *

It has been learned from reliable sources that Baron Gonsuke Hayashi has notified Chang Hsueh Liang, military governor of Manchuria, that Japan has decided against a reconciliation between Nationalist China and Manchuria and will prevent it even if it should be found necessary to interfere in China's internal affairs.

* * *

The twelfth annual Congress of Federation of League of Nations was held at the Hague recently. A resolution was passed, with Italy as the sole opponent, welcoming Mr. Kellogg's initiative, but jaded European opinion does not take more than an academic interest in the great American gesture. This lack of interest cannot be rightly attributed to any cynical pessimism as to the possibility of excluding international war, but really due to the fact that the smaller states consider large scale warfare too remote, and rather improbable in comparison with the daily conflicts now raging in Europe.

* * *

The meeting of the International Socialists in Brussels is of great importance to peace. The French socialists ask of their own country that she should follow, herself, the armament provisions imposed on Germany, that she should evacuate the Rhineland without compensation, and that she ceases opposing the union of Germany and of Austria if these two countries still desire anschluss.

* * *

George Tchitcherin, Soviet Foreign Minister, states in a press interview that the Soviet Government is anxious to participate in negotiations in connection with the signing of the Kellogg pact.

* * *

Bolivia and Paraguay, so far, have failed to agree in the dispute over the Gran Chaco Boundary.

* * *

Denmark is adopting the installment plan; 50 per cent of automobiles in that small country are being paid for in that way. Seventy per cent of the sewing machines and pianos and fifty per cent of the furniture are following the same lines. In Germany fifty per cent of the automobiles are bought in that way, and in Turkey and Russia ninety per cent.

AIMEE TECHNIQUE

Most Carmelites, especially those living West of Camino Real, have to develop a technique after they have been resident here a while in answer to questions about Aimee MacPherson's residence. On Sundays and holidays especially there is a stream of enquirers, and they almost all start off: "I've driven all the way from Los Angeles so I can't miss it..."

My neighbor tells me that when they ask him, the woman stays decorously in the car and the man comes and asks the question. My own experience is the opposite—but then I am not a man.

For the benefit of those of our readers who have not yet developed their own technique we print an assortment of replies that may be given,—tried and tested replies; all of them have been made once or several times.

Q... Can you please tell me—?

A... Two blocks down and three houses along.

(They generally move away at that).

* * *

Q: Can you please tell me where Aimee MacPherson's cottage is?

A: Yes (you point out directions).

They: You don't mind my asking, do you? but I've driven... etc.

You: "Not at all: after all one must see life."

* * *

One gentleman's reply we hesitate to give for fear of being fallen upon by Los Angelites and mobbed. His questioner stood above him and he was busy spraying roses.

"Where is Aimee's Cottage?"

"Whose?"

"Aimee's."

"D'you mind repeating the name? I didn't catch it."

"Aimee. Aimee. AIMEE."

"Ay Me... a Chinaman?"

"No no no Aimee MacPherson!"

"Oh. And who is he?"

ARE YOU EARTH BOUND?

Halldis Stabell, Norwegian Health Expert, Explains How the Body Can be Kept like the Ancient Greek Figures.

Miss Stabell is the best proof of the soundness of her own theories. Sitting in her rose and grey living room of her little cottage on Mission Street near San Carlos and Twelfth, her young face looks out at you from under a pile of lovely white hair. Her form has none of the signs of middle age, but is straight and lithe with an ease of movement which Kant has so aptly termed, "lightness without visible effort."

As she wings along the streets of Carmel, or calling for the eight o'clock mail, her graceful figure stands out from the plodding earth-bound creatures who show all the signs of advancing years that she has so miraculously escaped.



Those who have found their way to her little studio have found that she is generous with her secret—the correct position brings instant relief to a nerve tension which has been accepted as part of growing old.

This "Renaissance of the Body" as she terms her theories, in the book by the same title, is based on the old Greek development. Her plastic poses which later are given to music are modelled on the old Greek statues.

No one can look at the lovely figure of the flying Hermes without a feeling of lightness.

During the dark ages when physical exercise was one of the sins of the body, the human form fell into deformities. The Victorian bustle and "sway back" did much to cripple modern women and bring the deformities of the curved back bone.

"Walking under present conditions is very tiring," Miss Stabell explains, "When done correctly, the elastic gait is carried out from the small of the back, not from the knee, so it is essential that the right muscles are brought into play. The limbs should float as if suspended in the air, thus losing the heaviness which keeps us earthbound. Those who walk correctly not only lose flesh from the muscles, but there is an ease which makes them light as air."

"Through incorrect habits of walking, the power of assimilation is lowered, the muscles become flabby and the body lacks useful exercise that the correct gait will give. Just as soon as one's muscles are neglected by incorrect walking, others are over-taxed because they are constantly employed. These conditions may be altered in a very short time by individual exercises."

"If we understand the inner musculation, there would be no need for those accumulations of fat that are the despair of middle age. Muscles that have become heavy and relaxed accumulate the pads of fat under which lurks rheumatism, ready to pounce on us and incapacitate us on the first damp day."

"The feminine figure no longer has the weakness of the Victorian model, nor the athletic build of a prize fighter, but strength is combined with muscular economy which brings the body back into the scientific lines of Greek beauty."

—Marjorie MacCreary.

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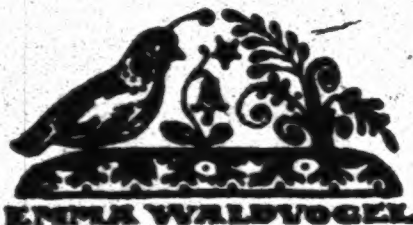
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PHONE 15 DAY OR NIGHT**On the Wing . .****BIRDS
AND BUGS**

By Laidlaw Williams.

Birds have a definite place in the lives of men, not only sentimentally but also economically. They are the natural check upon the hordes of insects and rodents which every year threaten our crops. Insects cause an economic loss annually which reaches well into eight figures. It has been estimated that this means a loss of about one dollar each year to every man, woman and child throughout the country. Of course birds cannot completely destroy insect life, because a species does not often cut off its own food supply. But man should encourage and protect them as an ally in his struggle against insects. Birds are constantly engaged in a never-ending war with these pests.

On the ground, the battle is fought by the various Sparrows and Thrashers which attack ground-living beetles, worms, and insect larvae. Of this group we have four Sparrows, two Towhees, a Junco, and the curved-bill California Thrasher living in the town of Carmel. In the low bushes, Wrens, Tits and Warblers do the work, peering with sharp eyes under every leaf and into every cranny. Higher in the tree-tops Vireos and Tree-inhabiting Warblers have their beat, while the bark of the trunk and limbs are carefully gleaned by Creepers and Nuthatches. Of these, Carmel is represented by the little blue-grey Pygmy Nuthatch, which works at the tops of the pines and keeps up a constant musical twittering. Woodpeckers are especially adapted for the work of destroying wood-boring grubs which gnaw deep and hasten the trees' death. With its powerful chisel-shaped bill, the Woodpecker digs into the tree and dislodges the insect by means of its barbed and pointed tongue.

In the air, war against insects is waged by the Flycatchers, such as our little Western Flycatcher which nests in this village. The Swallows are ceaselessly patrolling the air above the ponds and meadows. And higher still, the Swifts carry on the work, flying at great rates of speed (careful measurements have proven that they can travel at 171 miles per hour).

But perhaps the most valuable aids to the farmer and his crops are birds which are regarded by the uninformed as his great enemies. Hawks and owls are, in the large majority of cases, very beneficial because their food consists largely of rodents, especially mice, rats, and gophers. There are only about two common hawks which are more destructive than beneficial. These are the small, swift-flying

sharp-shinned Cooper's Hawks which live mostly on poultry, small birds and game. But all the owls and the large, conspicuous hawks, (with the possible exception of the great horned Owl and the rare Goshawk) although they may occasionally take a chicken, are, in dollars and cents value, far more beneficial than harmful. In fact, there was one estimation based on careful stomach analysis by a government expert, which showed that a pair of marsh Hawks saved a farmer \$11.00 a year.

On the Monterey peninsula, the most common large hawk is the Western Red-tail. It may be seen circling lazily on broad wings over the fields and hill-sides, up Carmel Valley. Its food is composed almost entirely of rodents. The mis-named sparrow-hawk perches on telegraph wires and feeds on grasshoppers. Low over the marshes at the Carmel River mouth soars the valuable marsh hawk. The wings are slightly tilted up and a white patch shows conspicuously at the base of the tail.

Some state legislatures have passed laws protecting various hawks and owls. There is a law in California forbidding the killing of the rare White-tailed Kite. A pair of these graceful and useful little birds-of-prey nested up the Valley this year. But fear is felt for their safety because the birds are so unsuspicious.

Many farmers do not realize the value of birds. Most of them only see the damage done to fruit trees at certain times of the year by certain species and believe that all birds should be shot. It is much harder to understand that the same birds more than make up for their occasional fruit-eating by their constant attack on insects.

In Salt Lake City there is a monument erected by the grateful Mormons for the Franklins' Gulls which saved their ancestors from near starvation. When the first settlers came they twice planted their crops and twice the crops were ruined by a plague of crickets. At the third planting the gulls arrived and destroyed the crickets just in time.

Now comes a professor of Education from the University of Colorado, who says that the high schools should devote all their attention to the 92 per cent who do not wish to go to college, and either regulate the 8 per cent who do, to the background, or else make them pay tuition.

The truth as he sees it! But where did he get his figures?

"With public sentiment nothing can fail. Without it nothing can succeed. Consequently, he who molds public opinion goes deeper than he who enacts statutes or pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible to be executed."

—Abraham Lincoln.

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Simplicity is not an objective of art, but one achieves simplicity in spite of oneself in approaching the reality of things.

Books . . .

ETCHED IN MOONLIGHT

By James Stephens

Published by MacMillan
February, 1928.

Here we have a collection of seven stories from the prolific pen of James Stephens, all of them going a long way toward proving the versatility of the author.

The first, "Desire," is very short, but by no means loses its tragic strength and power in brevity. It contains an excellent analysis of the desires of a rather passionless man of forty eight. The action is swift, relentless and interesting to the very end, even if the reader is left a bit bewildered at the finish.

The next, "Hunger," is a tale of the slow disintegration of a poverty-stricken family; a morbid story, yet vitally human, it serves to illustrate the dogged tenacity of even the weakest of humans.

"Schoolfellows," the third story, is an account of the demoralization of a man who had been a prize student in school. The super-conceit usually acquired by such exemplary students is held responsible for the rapid demise of the chief character in point.

"Etched in Moonlight," the title story, is the longest one, and probably the best. It relates of a strange dream; a psychological fantasy copiously spattered with poetic and mystical passages. To quote from the "blurb" on the jacket of the book: "It is convincing and yet incredible, like a dream etched in the moonlight."

"Darling," the next, tells of the trials of a weak, characterless simpleton, yet told so sympathetically that one feels genuine pity for the man. His childish humility and acceptance of his brutal fellows is more than pathetic, it is tragic. Even in telling of a prosaic weakling, the author draws a dramatic and appealing sketch.

The sixth story, "The Wolf," tells of the solitary drunken adventure of a man who was thoroughly browbeaten by his wife. His attempts to emulate the bravado of the drunkard are really pitiful, for even in the moment of exhilaration, the influence of his nagging wife is predominant.

"The Boss" is the seventh and last in the book. This story deals with the friction between a typical business boss and a rather unusual underling. The subsequent revolt of "the under dog" is more than different; it is a distinct departure from the upheavals that occur between employer and employee, for in this case, the man under registers a complete victory.

In conclusion, the mere skeleton might show the different methods of treatment that are employed, as well as the diversity of subject matter that Stephens handles so well. However, fully to appreciate

the drama and force of these seven stories, one should read each one through.

—Hartnell Lockridge.

VAHDAH KUBERT DANCES ON

Miss Kubert, Polish dancer, who last week moved in dramatic pantomime against the blue-lit dome of the Theatre of the Golden Bough continues her art this week at the Golden State in Monterey. Miss Mary Ingels, Carmel pianist, accompanying her.

What we believe is truth: what we disbelieve is prejudice. —Paul Eldridge.

Man is willing to die for any idea, provided that idea is not quite clear to him. —Paul Eldridge.

THE CARMELITE, August 15, 1928

Faith does not move mountains, but persuades us that they have been moved, even when we see that they have not budged.

* * * *

When we are no longer children we are already dead. —Brancusi.

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Poems . . .

HORIZON

Incontestably
the tip of the cypress tree
above the neat brick chimney
Etches into the sky
A painter's arrangement.
Two gulls sweep by to complete it.
The Japanese weather vane
turns thoughtfully to the tree.
The American flag clings closely to its
flagpole
Knowing it has no place
in this Eastern configuration.

—Y. P.

A SHELLEY MYSTERY

By Sara Bard Field.

Notwithstanding Dowden's manifold pages on Shelley—and other biographies, there are spots of mystery on the Poet's life: the truth or untruth of the charges of faithlessness against Harriet; Shelley's nightmares and visions; the unknown lady who for love of him followed him to Naples; the extent of Shelley's suicidal tendency.

And now more mystery.

Some years ago when we were commemorating the century since Shelley's death, I saw in a magazine—I think it was the Literary Review of the New York Evening Post—an exciting announcement. There had been a document or a group of documents bearing on the life of Shelley deposited with the Bodleian Library, presumably by members of the Shelley family, with instructions that the contents were not to be given to the world till an hundred years after the Poet's death.

In 1922, therefore, the time had arrived.

From the time I saw the announcement I watched literary magazines of two continents for further word. Silence. It was as if the djinn, having tantalized the world by an announcement of a precious gift, had thereupon whisked it away to another planet.

In January 1923 I left America on a trip to Europe. It was to begin with an extended stay in Italy, trail on through France, and end with a visit to England.

While I lingered in Sicilian centers of old Greek and Roman civilization and plunged into the localities of Renaissance culture, deep in my heart I was always registering—Oxford—the Bodleian Library—the Shelley Document!

And one August day I was there—in the Library looking into the glass case where, in its holy of holies, Oxford preserves an original copy of that "Necessity of Atheism" for which Shelley was expelled

from that very institution—looking into this glass case and meditating and waiting for a chance to speak to some Librarian in authority about the Shelley documents.

At the rail that divided the profane feet of the public from the Library officials, finally appeared a flaxen-haired youth.

"Could I speak to the Librarian?"

"Oh no, nobody sees him without letters and an appointment." What was my business there?

"I desire to see the unpublished Shelley document or documents which were to be made public in 1922 and of which I have heard nothing more."

An odd look passed over the young man's face.

"Will you kindly wait here. I will go and see about it."

He disappeared. I waited, uneasily, for I was obliged to take an evening train for London.

Finally he returned. He looked palely apologetic.

"I am sorry, but you can not see the manuscript."

"Will you please tell me what you know about it?"

"I know nothing."

"Has none of it been published?"

"None."

"When will it be?"

"We do not know."

"See here, young man," said I with inconsiderate fierceness. "I am an American writer. I have come thousands of miles to see or to hear about this consignment of papers to this Library. Do you mean to say I am to be sent away without any information whatsoever concerning it?"

At this, the young man melted away. After a time he returned.

"Madam, I am sorry, but the Library has no authority over the Manuscript. It is in the hands of one man alone."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. —" said he, giving a name which, in my irritation, I have since forgotten.

"What is his first name?"

"I can not tell you."

"Does he live here?"

"No."

"Where?"

"In London."

"Please give me his London address."

"I do not know it."

"Well, can you tell me the nature of these papers—are they composed of letters, or autobiographic facts? Does it, by chance, contain any suppressed manuscripts of Shelley's?"

My importunity broke down his forced English reserve.

"It is like this, Madam. This gentleman alone who was named as the trustee of the document has seen it. He is making extracts from it for publication. We do not know when these extracts will be published. In fact we of the Library

hardly knew of the existence of this document. We know nothing more about it."

I returned to London and told my English friends there of my experience. There were many sly smiles at the American attempt to drag anything out of Oxford without a formidable pile of introductory letters and a full understanding of the sacred paths of approach. But to my astonishment these friends, all of them of the literary circle, knew nothing at all of the existence of the documents I had been searching.

Trelawny's description of Shelley "he comes and goes like a spirit" seems to pervade this last phase of the Shelley mystery.

It is disquieting to hear that the documents are being edited. Shelley belongs to the world. What is there, then, in the life of this poet that the world can not know?

"He has outsored the shadow of our night;

Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,

Can touch him and torture not again."

To the writer's knowledge nothing more has been heard of this document or documents.

HER LITTLE FEET TWINKLED IN AND OUT LIKE MICE

But not any more. For now they scorn not only the envelopingly modest skirt, but even stockings. The modern feminine foot is uncorseted. In cities the barbaric spiked heel may still be seen,—more hurtful to health than the nose-ring of our primitive ancestors. But the essential tendency of our civilization is away from that sort of thing. In ten years the corset has gone; and now the preference of the younger generation for foot-gear which really serves the foot, is apparent. "But why no stockings?" we asked a fetching eighteen-year-old, as she sat swinging her healthy sun-brown legs over the stone wall.

"Dear me!" came the answer. "YOU don't wear mitts on your arms, do you? Why, don't you realize that the fashion for stockings is just an advertising trick of the hosiery mills? Wear stockings? I'd just as soon sleep at night with my windows shut!"

Is the Younger Generation going to cramp our style?

Theories are samples without value. It is only action which counts.

—Brancusi.

Rich people's time is worth so much that they can't afford to work.

—Clarence Darrow.

You're perfectly safe. You're worse than safe—you're prosperous.

Be everything unto thyself or thou shalt be nothing.

—Fichte.

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OF ALL!**

(From a pamphlet of the Women's Independent Hoover League, Democratic and Non-Partizan, Long Beach, California).

**Destruction or Preservation of our Young
Manhood and Womanhood**

On one hand is Tammany Hall . . . jamming its way toward Washington, where, if history repeats itself, it will promote the slaughter of young manhood and womanhood, by national traffic in liquor and licentiousness. . . On the other hand is a citizenry believing in the conservation of the physical and moral lives of our youth; and that government exists to build up and to increase the economic and spiritual welfare of the governed. . . Women voters, which shall it be? Tammany Hall and institutionalized civic vice? or a fellowship of citizens and administrative forces striving together for that civic valor which inspires the prophecy that we shall yet become a nation requiring that

"All success be nobleness,
And every gain divine."

**TO CERTAIN PROPAGANDISTS
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Now critics you present a bard;
"Mirabile dictu, a metric Whitman;
A true American striped and starred.
If we'd a Laureate, he'd be the fit man."
A demigod and a demitasse!
On supergenius I just gloat;
I want to believe what I read. Alas,
Cruel critic, must you quote?

"A Corn-fed seer." "Exalts the masses.
He is the lad who will be making
Main Street over into Parnassus."
And all its flivvers will go sky-raking
On your bard's song as on your blurb
Through the cerulean I now float. . .
Why do you fling me back to the curb?
Cruel critic, must you quote?

"His is the muse that suckled Keats,
The very source that nurtured Shelly."
"Drank milky fire from identical teats,
Twinned it on the self-same belly."
"All hail thou Yankee Adonais!"
Alas, another Chicago shout;
Why pull your poet from his dais.
Cruel critic, must you quote?

ENVOI

Critic, with me your word is ample,
You don't really have to promote
Your poet's fame with the smallest sample.
Cruel critic, must you quote?

—H. S.

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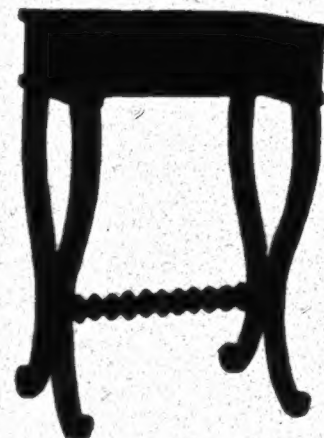
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